

Where is my Lord of Warwicke?  
*Prin.* My Lord of Warwicke.  
*King.* Doth any name particular, belong  
 Vnto the Lodging, where I first did swoon'd?  
*War.* 'Tis call'd *Ierusalem*, my Noble Lord.  
*King.* Laud be to heauen:  
 Euen there my life must end.  
 It hath beene prophesie'd to me many yeares,  
 I should not dye, but in *Ierusalem*:  
 Which (vainly) I suppos'd the Holy-Land.  
 But beare me to that Chamber, there Ile lye:  
 In that *Ierusalem*, shall *Harry* dye. *Exeunt.*

## Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaffe, Bardolfe,  
 Page, and Dany.*

*Shal.* By Cocke and Pye, you shall not away to night.  
*What Dany, I say.*  
*Fal.* You must excuse me, M. Robert Shallow.  
*Shal.* I will not excuse you: you shall not be excus'd.  
 Excuses shall not be admitted: there is no excuse shall  
 serue: you shall not be excus'd.  
*Why Dany.*  
*Danie.* Heere sir.  
*Shal.* Dany, Dany, Dany, let me see (*Dany*) let me see:  
*William Cooke*, bid him come hither. Sir *John*, you shall  
 not be excus'd.  
*Dany.* Maier sir, thus: those Precepts cannot bee  
 seru'd: and againe sir, shall we sowe the head-land with  
 Wheate?  
*Shal.* With red Wheate *Dany*. But for *William Cook*:  
 are there no yong Pigeons?  
*Dany.* Yes Sir.  
 Heere is now the Smithes note, for Shooing,  
 And Plough-Irons.  
*Shal.* Let it be cast, and payde: Sir *John*, you shall  
 not be excus'd.  
*Dany.* Sir, a new linke to the Bucket must needes bee  
 had: And Sir, doe you meane to stoppe any of *Williams*  
 Wages, about the Sacke he lost the other day, at *Hinckley*  
 Fayre?  
*Shal.* He shall answer it:  
 Some Pigeons *Dany*, a couple of short-legg'd Hennes: a  
 ioynt of Mutton, and any pretty little tine Kickshawes,  
 tell *William Cooke*.  
*Dany.* Doth the man of Warre, stay all night sir?  
*Shal.* Yes *Dany*:  
 I will vse him well. A Friend i'th Court, is better then a  
 penny in purse. Vse his men well *Dany*, for they are ar-  
 rant Knaues, and will backe-bite.  
*Dany.* No worfe then they are bitten, sir: For they  
 haue maruellous fowle linnen.  
*Shallow.* Well conceited *Dany*: about thy Businesse,  
*Dany*.  
*Dany.* I beseech you sir,  
 To countenance *Williams Visor* of Woncote, against *Cle-*  
*ment Perkes* of the hill.  
*Shal.* There are many Complaints *Dany*, against that  
*Visor*, that *Visor* is an arrant Knaue, on my know-  
 ledge.

*Dany.* I graunt your Worship, that he is a knaue (*Sir*).  
 But yet heauen forbid Sir, but a Knaue should haue some  
 Countenance, at his Friends request. An honest man sir,  
 is able to speake for himselfe, when a Knaue is not. I haue  
 seru'd your Worshipp truely sir, these eight yeares: and  
 if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter beare out a knaue,  
 against an honest man, I haue but a very little credite with  
 your Worshipp. The Knaue is mine honest Friend Sir,  
 therefore I beseech your Worship, let him bee Counte-  
 nanc'd.

*Shal.* Go too.  
 I say he shall haue no wrong: Looke about *Dany*.  
 Where are you Sir *John*? Come, off with your Boots.  
 Giue me your hand M. *Bardolfe*.

*Bard.* I am glad to see your Worship.  
*Shal.* I thanke thee, with all my heart, kinde Master  
*Bardolfe*: and welcome my tall Fellow:  
 Come Sir *John*.

*Falstaffe.* Ile follow you, good Master *Robert Shallow*.  
*Bardolfe*, looke to our Horses. If I were saw'd into  
 Quantities, I should make foure dozen of such bearded  
 Hermitees stapes, as Master *Shallow*. It is a wonderfull  
 thing to see the semblable Coherence of his meigs, spirites,  
 and his: They, by obseruing of him, do beate themselves  
 like foolish Iustices: Hee, by conuersing with them, is  
 turn'd into a Iustice-like Seruingman. Their spirites are  
 so married in Coniunction, with the participation of So-  
 ciety, that they flocke together in consent, like so ma-  
 ny Wilde-Geese. If I had a suite to Master *Shallow*, I  
 would humour his men, with the imputation of being  
 neere their Master. If to his Men, I would currie with  
 Master *Shallow*, that no man could better command his  
 Seruants. It is certaine, that either wise bearing, or ig-  
 norant Carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of  
 another: therefore, let men take heede of their Compa-  
 nie. I will deuise matter enough out of this *Shallow*, to  
 keepe Prince *Harry* in continuall Laughter, the wearing  
 out of fixe Fashions (which is foure Tearmes) or two Ac-  
 tions, and he shall laugh with *Internallums*. O it is much  
 that a Lye (with a slight Oath) and a iest (with a sadde  
 brow) will doe, with a Fellow, that neuer had the Ache  
 in his shoulders. O you shall see him laugh, till his Face  
 be like a wet Cloake, ill laid vp.

*Shal.* Sir *John*.

*Falst.* I come Master *Shallow*, I come Master *Shallow*. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter the Earle of Warwicke, and the Lord  
 Chiefe Iustice.*

*Warwicke.* How now, my Lord Chiefe Iustice, whe-  
 ther away?

*Ch. Iust.* How doth the King?

*Warw.* Exceeding well: his Cares  
 Are now, all ended.

*Ch. Iust.* I hope, not dead.

*Warw.* Hee's walk'd the way of Nature,  
 And to our purposes, he liues no more.

*Ch. Iust.* I would his Maiesty had call'd me with him,  
 The seruice, that I truly did his life,  
 Hath left me open to all injuries.

*War.* Indeed I thinke the yong King loues you not.  
*Ch. Iust.* I know he doth not, and do arme my selfe  
 To welcome the condition of the Time,  
 Which cannot looke more hideously vpon me,  
 Then I haue drawne it in my fantasie.

*Enter Iohn of Lancaster, Gloucester,  
 and Clarence.*

*War.* Heere come the heavy Issue of dead *Harrie*:  
 O, that the liuing *Harrie* had the temper  
 Of him, the worst of these three Gentlemen:  
 How many Nobles then, should hold their places,  
 That must strike faile, to Spirites of wilde sort?

*Ch. Iust.* Alas, I feare, all will be over-turn'd.

*John.* Good morrow Cousin *Warwick*, good morrow.

*Glouc.* Good morrow, Cousin.

*John.* We meet, like men, that had forgot to speake.

*War.* We do remember: but our Argument  
 Is all too heauy, to admit much talke.

*John.* Well: Peace be with him, that hath made vs heauy

*Ch. Iust.* Peace be with vs, least we be heauier.

*Glouc.* O, good my Lord, you haue lost a friend indeed:

And I dare weare, you borrow not that face  
 Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your owne.

*John.* Though no man be assur'd what grace to finde,  
 You stand in coldest expectation.

I am the forrier, would't were otherwise.

*Ch. Iust.* Well, you must now speake Sir *John Falstaffe* faire,

Which swimmes against your streame of Quality.

*Ch. Iust.* Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor,

Led by th' Imperiall Conduct of my Soule,

And neuer shall you see, that I will begge

A ragged, and fore-stall'd Remission.

If Troth, and vpright Innocency fayle me,

Ile to the King (my Master) that is dead,

And tell him, who hath sent me after him.

*War.* Heere comes the Prince,

*Enter Prince Henrie.*

*Ch. Iust.* Good morrow: and heauen saue your Maiesty

Prince, This new, and gorgeous Garment, Maiesty,

Sits not so easie on me, as you thinke.

Brothers, you mixe your Sadnesse with some Feare:

This is the English, not the Turkish Court:

Not *Amurrah*, an *Amurrah* succeeds,

But *Harry*, *Harry*: Yet be sad (good Brothers)

For (to speake truth) it very well becomes you:

Sorrow, so Royally in you appeares,

That I will deeply put the Fashion on,

And weare it in my heart. Why then be sad,

But entertaine no more of it (good Brothers)

Then a ioynt burthen, laid vpon vs all.

For me, by Heauen (I bid you be assur'd)

Ile be your Father, and your Brother too:

Let me but beare your Loue, Ile beare your Cares;

But weepe that *Harrie*'s dead, and so will I.

But *Harry* liues, that shall conuert those Teares

By number, into houres of Happinesse.

*John, &c.* We hope no other from your Maiesty.

*Prin.* You all looke strangely on me: and you most,

You are (I thinke) assur'd, I loue you not.

*Ch. Iust.* I am assur'd (if I be measur'd rightly)

Your Maiesty hath no iust cause to hate mee.

*Pr.* No? How might a Prince of my great hopes forget

So great Indignities you laid vpon me?

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*Ch. Iust.*

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